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COMIC OPERA IN MANCHESTER.

THE GRAND DUCHESS.

HERVÉ and Offenbach, *Chilperic* and *The Grand Duchess*, have made a simultaneous appearance in Manchester, the one at the Royal and the other at the Prince's. Offenbach, at the best, is but a pretty and sprightly composer, and Herve is an emasculated copy of Offenbach. The libretti of their operas are usually trivial, often insufferably silly, and not unfrequently founded upon or suggestive of phases of life that are altogether unfit for representation upon the stage. Notwithstanding all these demerits, the pieces attract crowded audiences, and it is not pleasant to reflect that probably thrice the number of Manchester people have preferred witnessing *The Grand Duchess* to seeing that refined and admirable drama, *The Palace of Truth*.

Offenbach's production has been performed this week at the Prince's Theatre, by a company from the London Gaiety Theatre. The operetta has been sung here before by nearly the same cast. The exceptions are again, and consist of a new Fritz, and a strengthening of the chorus, both in numbers and quality. Mr. C. Lyall gives a new interpretation to the character of Fritz, making him to be a possibly, if not a probably, real person. In his hands, the lucky protegé of the Grand Duchess, when he has risen from the rank of a private to that of a commander-in-chief in the small space of half-an-hour, and when the smitten sovereign is offering him broad hints of encouragement to propose marriage to her, does not appear to be merely a stupid clod, too dense to take the hint, for no assignable reason save the sore necessity of the playwright; but is shewn to be a really funny fellow—dazed at the rocket-like brilliancy of his ascent, yet half inclined to take it as a joke. He considers himself a wit, and evidently the stupidity with which she impatiently charges him only half accounts for his refusing the bait. For the rest, he is knowingly keeping clear of a suspected trap, and at the same time carrying on the joke, and coining what he considers, in his boorish way, to be smart repartee. This rendering of the character gives a better explanation of the philosophic way in which he at last bears his rapid return to the ranks. Mr. Lyall's voice is of very limited range, and not of first-rate quality; but this want, which he cannot avoid, is more than compensated by the modest use he makes of it, and by the faithfulness with which he does avoid the temptation to make a show of spurious brilliancy. The result is, a performance of much more artistic merit than the character often receives, or than it ever deserves.

Miss Julia Matthews plays the Grand Duchess better than ever. She has played the rolé many years (a crucial test for the artistic feeling of an actor, which only few pass), yet she does not slur it over in a careless manner. She has to good purpose studied every point of pose, action, and diction, and she has even elevated the character itself. Her voice was never in better condition, and her vocalization never nearer perfection. On the whole there can be no question that she now plays the Grand Duchess better than ever it was played in Manchester before.

Mr. Aynsley Cook maintains to the full all his points as the fussy, apoplectic, and unfortunate Commander-in-chief, and Mr. F. Payne, as the mercurial Courier, is as funny and as grotesquely active as of old. Mention must not be omitted of Mr. Stoyle's finished rendering of the poor, foppish, effeminate, and foolish, yet gentlemanly, genuine, and faithful Prince Paul. His singing, especially of the "Hamburg News," was all that could be desired.

The chorus was better up and more effective than some choruses we have heard in Manchester in grand Italian Opera. But the orchestra! Why did they not know the music? Or, if they did know it, why did they play it so loosely, so carelessly, so often discordantly, and sometimes so wrongly?

The house was filled by an audience that was determined to be pleased. It applauded uproariously everything down to the poor bits of gag which it was "not surprised to hear." It succeeded in encoring the Regimental, the Sabre, and the Goblet songs; and, save the mark! that wretched farrago of galvanized folly which is substituted for the still more objectionable can-can. The general mounting of the piece in scenery, dress, and properties was good, and the performance of it was generally rapid and sprightly. We suppose that so long as the playgoing public tolerates and even runs after and applauds such a piece, it will be of no present use to repeat (what has in effect been so often said before, but which requires to be said often yet) that it is unworthy the talents of such a company as this from the Gaiety Theatre. That it requires the united aid of eight clever people to save it from being idiotic, is only made bearable by the rollicking, absurd fun imported into it, and is only worth remembering for the sake of a few pretty airs and a few pieces of fair instrumentation—these are sufficient premises to prove the proposition. But we heartily hope that the company may soon find better material which will pay them equally well.

CHILPERIC.

Every Frenchman of the present day devoutly believes, recent events notwithstanding, that France is the fountain whence all the blessings of civilization flow. He also believes, with equal confidence, that the Emperor Charlemagne was Emperor of France, much as Napoleon III was, only the former had the Rhine provinces, and the latter ought to have had them but—hadn't. Of the earlier dynasties, some accounts are given in what passes for history, and other details are furnished by the opera of the period—of this period, that is. The last of the Chroniclers is, after the ancient fashion, a bard, and he, in music married to immoral verse, relates some surprising adventures of King Chilperic. Being a furious Frank, he is naturally at war with the fiery Huns, and, not having heard of the oracle at Delphi, he determines to consult the priests of his own country. More fortunate than the Saturday Reviewer, he actually meets with some Druids—people who lived among oak trees, dressed like stage friars, wore white beards to a man, were intimately acquainted with classical mythology, and had "hey derri dûn" for their national anthem.

Miss Emily Soldene, a stout party with light hair, is Chilperic. By way of keeping up the illusion, she is dressed like bluff King Hall, only without the trunk-hose. With exaggerated gesture she addresses the Arch-Druid in recitative, and he musically replies; but what they really do say is matter for conjecture. The scene, an oaken grove, is filled with a variety of characters, who seem appropriately to have gone to Oak Street for their dresses, and are as nondescript as the little figures who do the Tyrolese waltz in front of a street organ. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that, besides singing a rather pretty chorus, they indulge in extravagant gesticulations until the fall of the curtain. It seems—at least we are to assume that it seems, though it doesn't—that Chilperic has inveigled away from the country a nut-brown maid, and has installed her as his mistress in his palace, in accordance with the principles and practice of ancient and modern France. But he is betrothed, as they will have it here, to a Spanish Princess, bearing the correct Castilian name of Galswinda, who is coming to make a tender of herself before bringing an action for breach of promise. So he gets one of the creatures about him to go and tell Mdlle. Fredegonde, the young girl from the country, that the Missis is coming, and thatshe must pack up her traps and be off. She, however, won't hear of it. She comes down stairs and protests violently and musically against such an outrage, and after a long and trying scene, in which Miss Soldene sings and shouts and screams and dances after the break-down and can-can fashion, she goes off, and Chilperic, by way of congratulating himself, sings another song.

Next, with flourish of trumpets, comes another stout party, Miss Emily Pitt, as the Spanish Princess, with a supposed grandee, dressed as a Manolo. These are an evident caricature of the ex-Queen of Spain and her intendant. Then follows a scene of low buffoonery, such as may be seen in a "comic interlude" at a travelling circus. If this be fun according to French ideas, give us the humours of an English country fair. During it all, Chilperic and his bride sit side by side, on a sort of throne, displaying the heavy proportions of their limbs in a gross and offensive style. Their epicene courtiers sprawl about on the

steps, and one young lady, Miss Clara Vesey, as Brunehaut, condemned to wear a long skirt, makes up for it by affording a liberal display of —bust. She is the wife of Sigebert, a pantomime king doing duty as a court noble, and flirts with every one she meets, till at length she exchanges petticoats for tights, and trips about with the best of them. All troop off, and Chilperic is supposed to have gone to the war, to fight against a chieftain with the very Arabian Nightly name of Kasan. He returns victorious; all gather on the stage and dance the can-can vehemently.

Miss Emily Soldene, by dint of great exertion, gets the piece along, but there is neither plot nor passion about it. Miss Clara Vesey is pretty, but she seems to have nothing else to do than look it, so she is fortunate. Miss Pitt constantly sings out of tune. The music is a haporth of all sorts. Witness Landry's guitar song, borrowed almost wholesale from *Trovatore*; and the dresses appeared to be just unpacked after a journey from New York. But the whole thing is bad. It is naughty without being nice, and is an outrage not only upon good sense, but upon common decency. We have heard a good deal of the decline of the drama. Is the Opera to follow it?

WHAT WAS PRIMITIVE WESLEYANISM?

IN England this question has been discussed over and over again, and, of course, without either side convincing the other. An Act of Parliament which the Primitive Wesleyan Society of Ireland obtained on the 13th of July last contains many curious details of doctrine and discipline, which will, perhaps, go far towards deciding the question as to what was Primitive Wesleyanism, that is, the Wesleyanism taught by John Wesley. The Society was established in 1818 for the purposes of carrying out the general principles of the "Methodist Constitution," and since that time it has become possessed of lands, stocks, funds, and securities, with which it desired to deal more regularly than it had hitherto done, and also wished to obtain power to co-operate or conjoin with other churches. Appended to the Act is a schedule which contains in a catechetical form the "general principles of the Methodist constitution," before referred to. From this schedule we will quote a few questions and answers.

Q.—What is requisite to form and cement a Christian society?

A.—Unity of Design, Unity of Doctrine, and Uniformity of Discipline.

Q.—What is the Design of the Methodist Society?

A.—It is thus expressed by Mr. Wesley: "A body of people who, being of no sect or party, are friends to all parties; and endeavour to forward all in heart religion, in the knowledge and love of God and man."

Q.—In what point of view, then, does the Methodist Society consider itself?

A.—Not as an independent Church, nor its preachers as independent preachers.

Q.—Does this imply a distinct and separate communion, in celebrating the two Christian Ordinances, Baptism and the Lord's Supper?

A.—By no means; as members of the Methodist Society may belong to external visible Churches established under different forms, each member is left at perfect liberty to partake of those Ordinances in the communion to which he or she belongs.

Q.—Does not the Methodist Society profess to belong to the Church of England?

A.—Yes, as a body. . . . And the Rev. J. Wesley, the venerable founder of the Connexion, made a declaration of similar import within less than a year preceding his decease, viz.: "I declare once more, that I live and die a member of the Church of England, and that none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it."

Q.—Why do we separate from the majority of the Conference claiming to be the successors of that established by Mr. Wesley?

A.—Because they have changed the discipline established by Mr. Wesley. Not content with the honourable office of being preachers of the gospel simply, they have assumed to themselves the priestly office by administering the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, without appointment or ordination, against Mr. Wesley's express opinion on the subject.

There are other points which will repay examination, but enough has been quoted to show that even amongst Methodists there still exists a large section who claim to be members of the Church, and who look on the unauthorized assumption of the priestly office as sacrilege. Certainly the Church of England has only herself to blame for the Wesleyan schism, as she calls it; but no less certain is it that the Wesleyanism of to-day would be repudiated and denounced with all his mighty fervour were good John Wesley able to revisit earth once more. We do not object to Methodism *per se*, but we object to anybody calling themselves and priding themselves in being Wesleyans when they ignore at least two-thirds of Wesley's chief doctrines.

[FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK.]

THE SPIDER.

WHETHER the following couplet was originally written by some forgotten member of the spider family seems uncertain, more especially as there is another claimant for the laurel:—

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me and drink as I.

However, it might well have been a dinner invitation hummed softly by one of the race, almost every member of which is a genuine blood-sucker—crafty, truculent, pitiless—and more prone to entangle unwary aërial travellers by his artifices than to attack them openly on the Queen's highway. Possessed of the attributes and given to the practices we have mentioned, the unpopularity of the race cannot be wondered at. In fact, if we except the snake and the toad, the spider is probably the best-abused animal in creation. It is not always advisable to look too closely into things, or it might be possible to trace a strong family likeness between certain bipeds and the genus Arachnida; indeed, we never see one of the sly, usurious, money-lending curmudgeons, by or after Teniers, that we do not think the subject and treatment must have been suggested by some veteran spider in the artist's studio, sitting in his strong room, patiently waiting for customers.

Notwithstanding that public opinion runs strongly against him, we do not believe this hardened creature is in any degree affected by the verdict. Happily for him he is by no means thin-skinned; on the contrary that important covering where not leathery is horny. So far as cutaneous impressions of a moral kind are concerned, he must be absolutely impervious. Nor is this all, his skin performs an office similar to that discharged by the bones of the larger animals, giving attachment to muscles and support to the soft parts, the legs being jointed upon, and radiating from, an external breast-plate. The most wary insect would find no little difficulty in getting on the blind side of one of these marauders. With half-a-score or so of eyes scattered over the top of his head the attempt must be well nigh hopeless. Lightness, strength, and activity are wonderfully combined in this family, which lives as it were on the flying trapeze, the tackle by which their feats are performed being of marvellous tenuity. The circulating system is so highly organized in this genus, that the pulsations of the heart can be detected through the cuticle. Having thus done our duty by glancing at the character as well as at a few of the anatomical peculiarities of the spider, we will proceed to view him as a weaver, a builder, and a hunter.

The house spider before commencing business looks out for a good situation. It would not suit him at all to work in a quiet, dull neighbourhood. He likes a thoroughfare, and, therefore, usually selects the corner of a room, or the angle of a window—promenades where gay summer insects flaunt, flutter, and sing all the day long—and there he sets up his manufactory. The most elaborate machinery in Manchester is nothing to that in possession of our operative, and then *he* is never compelled to work at short time for want of a supply of raw material.

The apparatus by which spiders weave their delicate fabrics may be thus imperfectly described. There are, in the first place, four store houses—two larger and two smaller—which contain a gummy fluid, and from these several small tubes branch out, for the purpose of carrying the secreted material to the teat-like processes, which have been happily named "spinnerets." The lines spun by caterpillars are each composed of two threads only, whereas those made by our workman would at first sight appear to be composed of five strands, one being supplied from each spinneret. But if a powerful microscope is used it will be seen

that these organs are studded with regular rows of minute points, each of which is connected with the main reservoirs. The strength of a rope does not lie so much in its actual circumference as in the number of its component parts. We may, judging by this rule, imagine the sustaining power of a spider's thread. But to return. It has been said that the house spider before commencing his labours selects a suitable site. We will suppose he chooses a corner in our room. On one side of the wall he fixes his first rope by flattening out the end and gluing it firmly to the surface; then, spinning as he goes, he walks round to the opposite point, draws the line tight, and again secures it as before. Instead of following this prudent course, it was once thought he boldly flung himself across the unbridged chasm. But our steady-going man of business takes, as we have shown, none of these desperate speculative plunges, but works on patiently, laying his transmural cables each after each. These are crossed and recrossed till the meshes are completed to his satisfaction. But there is yet more to be done, for the spider intends to watch his nets, and, having definite ideas of comfort and security, begins to lay the foundation of his house. This is sometimes placed in the centre of the web, sometimes at a distance from it, in which case a series of telegraphic wires are laid, terminating in the room where the animal waits and watches for its prey. To the unassisted eye the walls seem as if made of closely woven silk, but under the lens the work is better appreciated. We must not pause to describe it, but beg the reader to believe that no lady in her boudoir ever rested more luxuriously than does our architect within his delicate hangings.

But the mason spider is far more advanced in the art of house building than our domestic labourer. In the example we are about to give there is reason to believe the lady not only draws the plan, but does the work. The site is well chosen. The ground slopes pleasantly to the sun, the drainage is good, and the soil firm and dry. Here she digs a gallery, a foot or two in depth, lines it with delicate grey tapestry, pasted to the walls. The door, which is circular, is formed of layers of clay kneaded up with silk. Externally it is rough, and corresponds with the earth around, but on the inside it is highly ornamented with a lining of silk. When the owner is at home, and any impertinent insect desires to call, she pulls it strongly inwards, and, if half opened, does her best to slam it in the intruder's face. She is an industrious matron, and devotes herself to her home and her eggs; but her labours in the nursery are beyond our province.

Man has been called "the hunting animal," but in this particular the spider beats him hollow; for, whilst the former is content to sport over earth and ocean, the latter adds the regions of air to his manors. The most noted aëronaut is the gossamer spider (*Aranea obtextrix*), and to this species our notice will be confined. A few days since, when the weather was moist and sultry, we noticed one particular field actually covered with the lines and nets of these daring hunters, some of which were attached to the surface, whilst others floated in gauzy patches of greater or less dimensions into the higher regions of the air. Whether these were deliberately designed to act as balloons seems somewhat uncertain, some observers contending the inventor voluntarily enters his car as soon as the flotation is sufficient, whilst others believe he is accidentally carried off by the force of the air breaking his ground tackling, and so setting him adrift. Be this as it may, it is certain that numbers of these aërial hunters have been captured at considerable heights—from the summits of cathedral towers and the like—as they floated past on their fairy vessels, in the rigging of which the wing cases of numberless insects that had been devoured were observed. From this it would appear that the circumstances under which the navigator found himself were not sufficiently novel or alarming to destroy his appetite.

Something should be said of the mode in which this delicate little creature "shoots his lines." He mounts on some tall stem of grass, or a post or a wall, and stretching out his antennæ—as a sailor spreads his hands to ascertain the direction of the wind—satisfies himself to what point the air current is moving. Then he stands on his head like an acrobat, keeping the spinnerets well to leeward, the breeze carrying out any quantity of line. When this is sufficient to support him *we* believe he sails away of his own free will, and, like Macbeth's witches, "hovers thro' fog and filthy air" in search of his dinner.

We must now pass from the consideration of particular members o this great family in order to mention a frailty common to the whole race, which, whilst having a commercial bearing, may furnish useful hints for common life. Spiders are worse than cannibals, for they eat their nearest and dearest with the same relish they evince towards their natural enemies. Probably Mons. Bon, an amiable gentleman of Languedoc, was not aware of this peculiarity when he conceived the idea of producing silk from these savages. However he found that three ounces of the material sufficed to make one pair of stockings for a full-grown man, and elated by his success worked on a larger scale. Having collected many thousands of these indomitable warriors, he placed them in suitable apartments, divided them into regiments, quartering them in separate companies of from fifty to two hundred in each room, and confidently expected they would at once go to work like good boys. Instead of this, however, a general engagement began, and raged with such fury that, in a comparatively short time, the commander-in-chief found his army of industry reduced to something less than two hundred and fifty maimed individuals, every one of whom was a fit and proper subject for that invaluable institution, the Hotel des Invalides. M. Bon failed to produce silk, commercially, from spiders, but he might have drawn and inculcated important lessons from his failure, had they occurred to him. He might have said, "Oh, my compatriots, beware of joint-stock companies. They will quarrel, waste your substance in unnecessary lawsuits, and so destroy your hopes of dividend." Or he might have pointed his moral thus—"Domestic differences, if indulged, become inveterate, and end in family ruin." There is no evidence that Mons. Bon did this. Perhaps he was angry with these ill-conditioned animals for spoiling his pet project. Be this as it may, he lost an opportunity of becoming famous by showing that the spider, though ugly and venomous, might still be turned to a useful purpose, as a social and moral instructor.

REVIVALISTS AND REVIVALISM.

2.—A Preaching Service.

WHETHER the net amount of good effected by all the various religious and philanthropic associations, so-called, justifies the extent of these organizations, the immense amount of money expended upon them, and the quantity of work and self-sacrifice which their existence entails, is a question which must have often occurred to the minds of cool and curious inquirers. It was with a half-wearied sense of the thousands of sermons which had been preached that very day, of the tens of thousands of Sunday-school lessons which had been delivered, of the unceasing call for funds, and the endless fabrication of secretaries' reports, and of the continued hollowness of public and social life and the unmodified blackness of newspaper records, that we asked ourselves this question as we walked the other Sunday evening to the Co-operative Hall in Downing Street. We had heard the efforts of almost every grade of preachers in this diversified and, as the Spiritualists say, benighted city. We had studied Ritualistic ceremonial with an impartial mind, and had joined in the enthusiasm of Wesleyan declamation. We had listened to the refined pleading of scholarship, had been moved by the passion of eloquence, and bored by the maundering of stupidity. But, after all, we felt disposed to confess that congregations appeared to assemble and disperse much as if the whole performance were a matter of routine and dress, and the world to go on without any perceptible change for the better. We endeavoured to argue that, in this last experience, we were going to witness at least a vigorous attack upon the most revolting forms of immorality, and to behold a very evident impression produced upon the more openly depraved section of humanity. Alas! had we not had our own little philanthropic schemes, and in every case when the limit had been reached at which it was desirable that our benevolence should end, had not our "converts" rewarded us by telling wicked lies to our neighbours and calling us naughty names?

A company of well-dressed men were talking together in the doorway leading to the hall, with such an intense cheerfulness of manner that we felt somewhat encouraged. A lively hymn which was sung immediately after our entrance, to the tune of "John Brown's body," the chorus being something about marching to the New Jerusalem, was likewise of an inspiriting character. The room itself had a much more cheerful and homely appearance than the stiff and sepulchral Mission Hall in Grosvenor Street, and there was a brisk look on the face of the congregation generally which suggested that the work was thriving. A platform at the end of the room accommodated the intending speakers, who were seated after the manner of a band of Christy's minstrels. The

chairman was a gentlemanly young man and seemed quite enthusiastic in the cause. We could not help speculating whether he would be as enthusiastic a few years hence. The congregation was well-dressed as a whole, the sexes being about equal in numbers. There was quite a large proportion of young children. There was also a number of men and women whose faces bore the evidences of intemperate lives. We likewise noticed several lads and men in the uniform of the slums.

The proceedings consisted, firstly, of a service of singing, reading the Scriptures, and praying; and, secondly, of a series of sermons by the gentlemen on the platform. The Chairman introduced the second part of the programme by stating that the sermons or addresses would occupy about five minutes each. So far as time was concerned, this appeared to us to be an innovation upon established custom which might be advantageously introduced into many chapels. The first speaker "improved," as the Methodists say, the death of Amon, the son of Manasseh, who, as the speaker observed, was "cut off" in the midst of sin when only twenty-four years of age. The next speaker, whose remarks were characterized by a quiet earnestness which we rather liked, also dwelt upon the awfulness of sudden death, narrating an anecdote of a fellow-workman whom he had been trying to convert and who had indeed shown some signs of amendment, but who, having got amongst bad companions, had on a recent occasion remarked that he had a half-crown in his pocket with which he intended to pay his passage to hell. The young man had "gone on the spree" with the coin and been found drowned shortly afterwards. A picture of the advantages of conversion was presented in the person of the third speaker, who dwelt upon the fact that he—the speaker—had come to that hall four years before "a poor, miserable drunkard!" He certainly looked like a very respectable and creditable member of society, and was, apparently, much affected by the recollection. The next preacher talked so loudly that we had great difficulty in hearing what he said. He selected a text, according to his own confession, for the look of the thing, and then seemed to give expression to whatever came uppermost. It occurred to us that he would suit admirably as a preacher on board ship during a boisterous storm at sea, but, as it was, we had some fears for the roof. The old man seemed very much in earnest, however, and, though he continually went off at a tangent to talk about matters which did not appear to us to be quite relevant to the work in hand, he made us understand very clearly that he had been converted fifty years before when a factory lad, and that he wanted everyone else to be converted also.

After the preaching there was a prayer-meeting. The bulk of the assembly left the room, but a tolerable number remained and amongst these were many children. The way in which the thing was done was as follows:—The people knelt down and some of the brethren prayed aloud, one, of course, at a time. The other brethren—the members of a Revival Band call themselves brethren—moved about the room accosting strangers, or else knelt down beside such as appeared to be impressed, and reasoned with them. There was a good deal of groaning and mingled with it the wailing of women. One woman prayed in a somewhat excited manner.

The Revivalists, like most other religious organizations, have their "splits," and it would seem that the two "bands" now holding their meetings respectively in the Mission Hall in Grosvenor Street and the Co-operative Hall in Downing Street constitute a "split." It has always seemed an anomaly to us that religious bodies, actuated by the same spirit of unselfishness, professing the same faith, and having the same end in view, should fall out. Whether in the instance under notice there is anything rotten in the state of Denmark, or, which has quarrelled with which, we do not feel authorized to opine. All that we can say is that in their report the Downing Street people very explicitly indicate that they have no connection with the Grosvenor Street people. Furthermore, whether the professed repentances which the Revivalists claim as the fruit of their efforts are sincere and lasting we are no more able to determine than we are to satisfy Mr. James Johnstone, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, concerning the religious opinions of William Ewart Gladstone. We can say, however, that many of the prime movers appear to stick to the cause without reaping any material advantage therefrom, and that, though their efforts seem to be of a rough sort, they are almost the only efforts which are made amongst the people whom they specially seem anxious to attract. Having said this much we may perhaps be permitted to criticize a little. In the first place we have no faith in the groaning and shouting merely as groaning and shouting. As we remarked in our former paper, it may mean something as the result of excitement, but as a form it is merely empty noise. Judging by the Downing Street report we find that the Revivalists agree with us in this matter; at least we read therein that that which "is merely sensational will in the end prove spasmodic and abortive." Now, during the preaching many of the speakers indulged in sudden and startling shouts, clearly for no other purpose than to create a sensation, and, during the prayer-meeting, several of the persons present desisted from quiet conversations when the object of discussion had been settled, and turning their attention to the service began straightway to groan as a matter of course. In the second place, we don't think children ought to be admitted to these services, especially to the prayer-meetings. Surely the strong appeals which may be necessary to break the hardened vice of manhood are not suited to the tender thoughts of childhood! It went to our heart to see the old-fashioned ways of many of the little pale faces around. Moreover, if it is well for the little ones to grow up respecting human nature and reverencing their elders, is it wise to make them so familiar with the vices and the humiliation of men and women?

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MANAGERS, PLAYERS, AND PANTOMIMES.

SOMEBOBY, an actor apparently, sends a letter to the *Orchestra* in which this passage occurs:—"One of the most wealthy but parsimonious theatrical managers in the Lancashire district adds thousands a year to his banking account by the production of pantomime. So anxious are the public to witness that class of entertainment that the theatre is crowded for months, and so remunerative is the pantomime that the manager opens his doors for the public in the day time, and day performances take place two or three times each week during the run of the pantomime, and the theatre is crowded both day and night. Sir," continues the correspondent, addressing the Editor, "you would imagine that a manager who derived such an income from pantomime would be liberal to those who produce it. I am sorry to say this is not the case. The managerial Crœsus has signified to those pantomimists engaged that the *morning performance henceforth will not be paid for!*" A managerial Crœsus in the Lancashire district, wealthy and parsimonious. To whom does the correspondent intend to point the finger of scorn? Who can be the author of this indescribably mean and monstrously unjust project?

BURMESE BUYING.

When we stated in a jeu d'esprit, a few weeks since, concerning "An excited Cotton Market," that the Paden Woon, Envoy of the King of Burmah, had bought up a large quantity of East India cotton, we had no idea that we were so near the truth. Almost on the same day the Calcutta correspondent of *The Times* wrote that his dusky Majesty had bought up all the piece goods in his markets and was underselling his subjects, and added that the King of Burmah is an enigma. We should think he was, but, for the matter of that, so is *The Times*, and our readers may judge for themselves whether to place most confidence in the statement of the Calcutta correspondent or in our own.

LANCASHIRE'S VICTORY OVER DERBYSHIRE.

Another comparatively easy cricketing victory was gained by Lancashire in the return match against Derbyshire last week. The game was chiefly remarkable for the miserably small scores which were made. Indeed the bowling rather than the batting was decidedly the strong point of the match. There was absolutely nothing to note in the batting. The only fairly respectable score in the Lancashire first innings was that of thirty-two made by Burrows. With a total of 116 things looked gloomy for our county. But if we scored indifferently Derbyshire did worse, for their first innings left them thirty-six behind. The two second innings produced still smaller scores—Lancashire only made eighty-four and thus Derbyshire had to make 121 to win the match. This they utterly failed to do. Their second innings only gave a score of fifty-four,

and they thus lost the match by over fifty runs. The result was almost altogether owing to the magnificent efforts of Mr. Appleby in bowling. There is not the smallest exaggeration in saying that this gentleman has established himself as one of the most dangerous and powerful bowlers in England. Of the three county games with Kent, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, we have lost and won one in each. We began the season with three hopeless defeats and have ended it with three unmistakable victories.

THE REVIVAL AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

After the brief engagement of Mr. Dion Boucicault, who returns to the stage, after a long absence from it, on Monday next, the Prince's Theatre will be closed, to allow of re-decoration and cleaning, and somewhere about the middle of September, we believe on the 18th, the season will open with *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Calvert will enact Shylock, and Miss Carlisle, we understand, is to appear as Portia. As a scenic revival, this is likely to surpass all Mr. Calvert's previous efforts.

A CANDID SHAKER.

Elder Evans is reported to have said, in his lecture on Shakerism, that he "would rather be damned than believe what he could not understand." This is candid, certainly. Probably Elder Evans's ideas of damnation are peculiar. If they are as limited as his faith, it may account for them. If we are to believe nothing except what we understand, such, for instance, as the origin of evil, creation itself, and other mysteries, we need not trouble ourselves much further. Elder Evans is, however, more consistent than Voysey, who went on for years repeating the Apostles' Creed aloud before a congregation of worshippers, while all the time he himself did not believe a word of it.

ANOTHER AMERICAN LION.

It is not so very long since we had occasion to demur to the extravagant eulogies which were being bestowed upon Hans Breitmann. That gentleman appears to have gone spark out; but his place is supplied by another "great Yankee humourist," Bret Harte. One or two of our English papers are never satisfied unless they are glorifying some American comic man. To our mind, American humour is a humour that soon palls, and we cannot see in the heroes who are selected for supreme laudation even the best examples of their kind. The considerable reputation already attained by Bret Harte has been gained by a piece called "The Heathen Chinee," a little bit of rhyme descriptive of the way John Chinaman plays cards. Our readers must have seen it, for it has gone the round of the papers, as if it was the very best thing that ever was written. Mr. Bret Harte's humour may be very good for San Francisco, but we can attribute its success in England only to one of those freaks of the critics which every now and then surround the heads of mediocrity with a nimbus of temporary glory. A magazine article by Bret Harte was republished in the supplement of the *Weekly Times* last week. It was about "a poet borned," and a greater fargo of rubbish we never wasted ten minutes over.

A REPORTING MYSTERY.

The ways of reporters are already mysterious, and we long ago gave up endeavouring to understand them; but there is one mystery connected with them which refuses to be laid, and which recurs to our mind with an obstinate persistance every time there is a sessions held at the Assize Courts. Quarter Sessions are an old-established institution, and the business transacted at them is of considerable importance. Why are the proceedings at them so contemptuously reported? It is true the civil business done there is recorded at some length, but why on earth should the account of all the large amount of criminal work that is transacted be compressed into a bald catalogue of names, offences, and punishments? It may be that the ordinary run of crimes are not of sufficient public interest to justify the publication of their details; but then notice the elaborate way in which each trumpery police court case is published. The very cases which are not reported at the sessions are, in their preliminary stage at the police court, fully recognized. Surely if the early stages of a case are worth reporting the later stages are still more so. There is a lopsidedness and want of science in the present system. One's interest is sought to be excited in embryo proceedings, all account of which is discontinued directly they get before the higher tribunal. It is a very common thing to hear a person say he saw that something was being done in such and such a case, but that he never saw what came of it. Of course he didn't, for it never was properly reported. Bare results, even if one sees them, are unsatisfactory without some slight account of how they were arrived at. One would sometimes very much like to understand how certain prisoners got acquitted, but one never can. Again, it is a not unusual circumstance for a magistrate to say that he considers a case sufficiently flagrant to be tried at sessions, when, in fact, the sessions cases are disposed of without the public knowing anything about them, while magistrates' cases are published all over the town. If it is desired to give importance to a case, it is positively advisable to have it tried before the less important tribunal. This is an anomalous state of affairs that ought to be altered. The Liverpool, and even London, papers give systematic reports of the cases tried at their local sessions, and the Manchester journals might reasonably be expected to give Manchester like opportunities of understanding what is going on. And such publicity could hardly fail to do good in more ways than one. It might restrain impatience on the bench, and even exercise a wholesome influence upon the schoolboy manners of too many members of the bar.

SHAKER EVANS.

WHEN we read a long time ago how Artemus Ward had visited the Shakers in New Lebanon, and how they had "yayed," we lazily wondered if we should ever see a Shaker in the flesh. Years have fled—as the novelists say—since that time, and we have at length beheld one in the person of Elder Frederick W. Evans.

We need scarcely say that our meeting came off in the Temperance or Intemperance Hall, Grosvenor Street. Where else could such a meeting appropriately take place but in the fane dedicated to Mormonism, Spiritualism, Teetotalism, Anti-Vaccinationism, and whatever other queer'ism exists under the sun? We need not say either that when we saw the advertisement, we yearned in our soul to behold a representative of that distant community where all is peace and order and happiness, where wives scold not, and husbands pay no quarter's bills; where lawyers and doctors are unknown, and where "human beings actuated by spiritual motives, attain to a degree of human perfection on this earth which is perfectly astonishing." Fearful lest all our fellow-citizens should be actuated by as strong a desire, we sped to Grosvenor Street, and as one of half-a-dozen—two women and four men—anxiously awaited on a dark staircase the opening of the doors.

The doors having been opened, we—that is, the half-dozen—thought at first that we were going to be the only visitors, and we, personally, sadly anticipated another denunciation in the pages of our mysterious contemporary, *The Medium and Daybreak;* for the assembly was convened under Spiritualistic auspices. But gradually the room became filled, until at length we were about two hundred strong; two hundred as earnest-looking philosophers, male and female, hirsute, spectacled, inquiring, as could well be brought together. Then we began to fear that Elder Evans would not "show up," for we heard a rumour that his advent was doubtful; but, presently—a jug and glass having been placed on the platform table—a little commotion at the door, an attempt at a cheer, and the appearance of an odd-looking character, in the company of one or two ladies and a Yankee personage of the clerical or Doctor Ferguson type, dispelled this fear also. Passing up to the platform, the clerical personage, whom we heard called Peebles, took a seat on the left of the water-jug, and the strange man took one on the right; and then, on the motion of somebody, seconded by somebody else, a tall being, partially clad in the costume of the good old English gentleman, and answering, we believe, to the name of Pitman, placed himself in the centre, and, having

"inaugurated" the proceedings with the usual chairman's preliminaries, introduced Shaker Evans. Rising deliberately, Shaker Evans commenced his address.

The Elder looked like an elderly man who had seen, maybe, considerably more than sixty winters, but he bore his years well. He had a roughly-chiselled, strongly-marked face, which, when in repose, assumed an expression of great primness, and when animated usually had a look of indescribable slyness. Apparently he was dressed in black cloth, but the greater portion of his attire was concealed by an immense buff alpaca overcoat, which, from the manner in which it hung about his figure—it was buttoned down the front—might have been home-made. Round his neck was what looked like a very broad pasteboard band, covered with drab satin, resembling in shape those stocks which soldiers wear in order to keep their chins on the regulation level. Over it was turned a white collar, which, though large, was yet very much smaller than the band. During the delivery of Elder Frederick's address, we at times thought we were listening to a woman, and the nervous manner in which he twitched his hands, which usually hung down by his sides, strengthened the idea. Can it be possible, we soliloquized, that the community he or she represents consists entirely of women? That would explain the Shaker mystery. At other times we thought that we were in the presence of a benevolently-disposed and simple old farmer who, having been born with a theory in his mind, and having experienced a fair amount of happiness in the course of a monotonous and secluded life, had come to the conclusion that no other order of society but that in which he lived could possibly be either happy or worth living. And, then again we felt as if listening to a knowing Yankee, who was quietly "chawing us up" and secretly enjoying the joke.

Shaker Evans began his address by telling us that he did not think the Shaker order could exist anywhere but in "Ameriky." They wouldn't, he said, be able to hold their lands here as communists. Then he told us how Shakerism had been founded by Ann Lee, a native of Manchester, who had crossed the Atlantic and "located" herself in Albany in 1744. Ann Lee had visions and revelations and that sort of thing, and made converts. Shortly after her death a communion was established at New Lebanon which still existed, and of which Shaker Evans had been a member for forty years. This communion believed that there had been four dispensations; the first extending from Noah to Abraham; the second from Abraham to Jesus; the third from Jesus to Ann Lee; and the fourth and best from Ann Lee "right forward." "We air about the most unorthodoxest people on the airth, we air," said the Elder. The object of the communion was to enable each member of it to live perfect lives, doing that which was right and abstaining from that which was wrong; dwelling together in innocence and peace and seeking to attain to a spiritual life. Other communions had been founded with similar ends in view, but they had all failed because they were either materialistic or retained the "marriage idee." The "marriage idee" was the source of all trouble, and evil, and selfishness. The Shakers abolished it from their midst and left the work of reproduction to the rest of the world. When reminded that if everybody joined the Shaker order all the population would disappear, the Elder coolly observed that that would be no great matter.

Of all the schemes for the reformation of humanity which it has entered into the heart of man to conceive, surely this of making a clean sweep of the race is about the most complete. It is nipping the evil in the bud with a vengeance. The efforts and schemes of school-boards, revivalists, and philanthropists of every order are nothing compared to this plan. We are sadly afraid, however, that if the Shaker system is the scheme which is to realize the Millenium, that event will be somewhat indefinitely postponed, for we saw some courtship going on right under the very nose of the Elder. As for the communistic idea, we have Shaker Evans's word for it that *that* will never succeed so long as the Isaacs look upon the Rebeccas and find that they are very fair. Would it not be well, therefore, if Messrs. Odger, Bradlaugh, and Company were to go and join the little society in New Lebanon? But it really is difficult to conceive that even in that favoured locality such a delightful arrangement can continue to exist. Voltaire imagined such an Eden, but he surrounded his El Dorado with impassable mountains; and when Candide visited it he was compelled to sail down a swift subterranean river, up which there was no returning. *En passant*, who pays the Elder's travelling expenses, and what does he travel for? As for the Shaker theology, Elder Evans quoted largely from the Scriptures in his exposition; moreover the prophets of the Shakers had, and, perhaps, still have, visions and revelations. But so also had Mahomet and Swedenborg, the Mormon Smith and the early Irvingites. Which of these prophets must we believe? And in the discussion which followed the lecture several of the speakers also quoted the Scriptures, and against Shaker Evans—a proceeding which seemed to us rather to nonplus our American cousin.

We are told that Elder Frederick was received in London by an audience in which were many members of parliament, clergymen, prominent journalists, and other distinguished individuals. The Manchester assembly was not of quite so eminent a cast, but was no doubt illustrious in a smaller way. Amongst the speakers was that public-spirited martyr who has this week been dragged before a tyrannical tribunal for refusing to have vaccinated his numerous offspring—the great Mr. Tarr. There was also that remarkable clergyman, the Rev. Hume Rothery. We have not quoted all that Shaker Evans said. His speech was much too long and rambling for that. There were many sarcasms against the orthodox creed, which drew rapturous applause from a portion of the audience, and especially from the very young boys present. Shaker Evans was much more explicit about the marriage relations than we have dared to be. During this part of the subject the females—we use the Shaker term—indulged, some in blushes, some in smiles, and others in looks of philosophical indifference. Miss Becker would have recognized in Shaker Evans a man and a brother had she heard his opinions on the equality of the sexes. There was no lack of aspiring orators during the discussion, and, when it was formally closed, a perfect row ensued for a time, young infidels yelling from one form and eager believers from another. In the meantime, in other parts of the room, flirtations, introductions to the lions of the evening, and the usual by-play of small greatness prevailed. The last that we saw of Shaker Evans was when, beneath an immense straw hat, with a small, grey Inverness cape over his buff sack, and a huge handkerchief enveloping his neck and nose and ears, he struggled into a cab. By this time we suppose he is on the broad Atlantic.

Who, we wonder, will be the next sensation to come out of the wonderful west? Possibly by the time he arrives on our hospitable shores, some of the would-be notables who received Shaker Evans so cordially may have lost their taste for wild theories, suited only for New Lebanons, have grown tired of seeking notoriety by organizing foolish agitations, and have devoted themselves to self-education. We say possibly, because we don't believe it. The taste for crotchets and paradoxes is a disease that grows by what it feeds upon, and we should say there are more people so afflicted in Manchester than in any other town in the world.

ON A TWITTERING AT MY WINDOW.

"So, you're the Early Bird," I, dozing, said:
"Man's but a worm: I think I'll stay in bed."

JENNINGS'S JACKDAW.

In and out,
Through the motley rout,
That little jackdaw kept hopping about:
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates
And dishes and plates.—INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

MR. SPHINX.—Caw! My governor, the rosy-cheeked market gardener, who sells fruit and green stuff in Victoria Market, has a genius for and appreciates daws. Caw! I reciprocate and appreciate my governor as well as his ripe cherries and plums; daw me if I don't. Furthermore, he has just provided me with a mate, so my cup of dawdum is complete, and I am ready to say with Robin, the gardener, in *The Waterman*

Cherries and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry tree,
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
And Wilhelmina's made for me.

Caw! My voice, however, being somewhat limited in its range, and confined to one note, I have not made singing my study. We are not celibates like the Shakers nor polygamists like the Mormons, but are a peculiar people who believe in the transmigration of souls. I have an innate conviction that the soul of some defunct human being animates my breast at the present moment, although I cannot precisely declare the exact personal nature of the metempsychosis. It may be Alexander. It may be Diogenes; or Joe Grimaldi; or the late Joe Smith; or

Imperious Cæsar dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,

while his immortal part may for the present be undergoing a purgatorial process in the bosom of a poor rook. You will observe from this that I am not a believer in the Darwinian and Jelly Fish theory, but in a much more ancient faith. Caw! caw! caw! Mr. Sphinx, you do not call the jackdaw a religious bird because it builds its nest upon a steeple; neither must you conclude because I am the Governor's servant out of livery, and wearing a plain black suit, that I have not a soul above fruit, vegetables, and an occasional bone. No, sir; I do not devote myself to enervating pleasures like some of my kinsfolk, nor yet am I a glutton like the pigeon. The noblest study of dawkind is man, and, as I hop about the market, I have ample opportunities for that study, and am considerably absorbed in what I see passing around the immediate neighbourhood at the present time.

Looking at you human beings from my point of view, and with an indescribable hazy recollection of past experiences within me, it baffles all my craft and cunning to make out what you are all driving at. We daws take it much easier, and enjoy ourselves far more than the great bulk of you men and women. True, there is the old fable of the Jackdaw in peacock's feathers, but that is a satire upon you, not on us. Then again, we daws have got a bad name for being addicted to petty larceny, while lying, cheating, over-reaching, and thieving goes on every day in the Royal Exchange, close at hand. I exchange sentiments sometimes with my opposite neighbour, the tail-less terrier of Mr. Thomas Muirhead, fishmonger, and he informs me of some of your notorious malpractices. Food and drink are systematically adulterated. Light weights and short measures are in constant use. You poison the atmosphere with unnecessary smoke and acids, and convert the river in your midst into a stinking common sewer. While you "put a girdle round the earth" in a few seconds; build bridges over and bore tunnels under seas, and make railways over the Alps, you declare on the authority of your Town Clerk that cleansing a small brook is impossible. Caw! We daws know better, and can only laugh at you!

Again, what queer, uncomfortable customs you have got! When I see the arrivals and departures of your cheap trips on a Monday and Saturday morning, I can but marvel at your capacity for making yourselves uncomfortable. As soon as the country bumpkins, male and female, arrive opposite my governor's stall, they are nearly torn in pieces by rival omnibus guards. Generally, although they have been grubbing all the way by rail, they make for the nearest public-house. After roaming and gaping about the streets and parks the greater part of the day, they get up to Belle Vue in the evening, and reach their homes somewhere about midnight, at the last gasp. The Isle of Man is a favourite resort of your citizens. For my part, I would rather spend a week in Deansgate, or on the steeple of Saint Mary's Church. Blackpool is very little better. If you want a change from the noise, strife, and bustle of Manchester, in Heaven's name, why don't you seek some retired and secluded place, where you can obtain rest and relaxation for your bodies and souls?

Another of your astonishing customs is the way you conduct your marriage ceremonies. Why does everybody laugh when he sees a wedding in the street? You never see a string of wedding carriages pass along Victoria Street, but everybody has a grin at them. People who probably never rode in a carriage in their lives before, and possibly never will again, suddenly deck themselves out in the most outrageous and vulgar finery, and go spluttering along the streets to church, to the infinite amusement of the spectators. After this, they return to a miserable, cold, and cheerless breakfast, and listen to feeble witticisms and funereal speeches. There is as much money spent at many a marriage, including extras, as would keep the young couple six months. Your funerals are quite as bad, and the poorer the people are the more gorgeous do they seem to require the hearses to be. All the other hideous paraphernalia regarding funerals are equally absurd and execrable. I never see two mutes marching at the head of a funeral, or standing solemnly at the door of the house of mourning, without thinking of the individual of that profession mentioned in one of Dickens's books, who ate, for a wager, two geese at one sitting. These, Sir, are a few of the singular customs which amuse my friends and myself, as we flit about the precincts of Victoria Market.—Yours obediently,

JOHN DAW.

THE REVIEW AT HEATON PARK.

IT is much to be regretted that Major-General Garvock was too unwell to take the command at this year's review, for not only should we have been enabled to see how much the troops had improved on their last performance, but also how far the gallant General himself had progressed in the art of handling, to him, comparatively large masses of troops. Last year the volunteers were told some rather unpalatable truths by the commanding officer, and the troops in turn as they marched home were not very complimentary in their criticisms on the way in which they were handled, and being confined all during the review to one corner of the park, would not allow the justice of General Garvock's excuse for his own shortcomings, viz., the smallness of the ground. This year, too, by some strange fatality, the opposing forces were all crowded into the self-same corner of the park, and though the short programme was evidently pre-arranged, there existed all through the fight great haziness in the minds of the commanders of the several battalions as to the parts which they were respectively supposed to be playing.

As far as the mere mechanical details were concerned all the troops did very well. The marching past was excellent on all sides, though the artillery would do well to decide as to which is the proper way of carrying their carbines when marching past; for it does not look well for each company to have its own peculiar way of doing so. Also, when the fight began, the orders were not always given as promptly or as distinctly as they might have been, and in consequence of the unnecessary crowding together of the forces, had the fight been actual each side must have shot a large number of its own men before they could have got at their opponents. The men were allowed to approach far too near each other, far nearer than they would ever do in a real engagement. Still, there were some really creditable things done, especially the utter annihilation of the Light Horse in their final charge, and the way in which the men served the guns. Creditable, however, as was the energy of the artillerymen, it is not quite the thing that Manchester should be unable to provide its only artillery corps with horses. Liverpool, Newcastle, and other towns pride themselves justly on their artillery turn-out, and a great effort should be made to find suitable horses for our gunners. It is of no use whatever to use catch horses. Such cattle cannot be expected to stand fire in the excitement of a field-day, and while they are dependent on such animals, the men are quite wise to work the guns themselves, but such a course ruins the garrison batteries by taking away half their men. The Artillery ought to be the crack corps in every town, and there is no reason why such should not be the case here. Pressure, too, should be put on the Govern-

ment to provide the men with breech-loading carbines, instead of the rubbish with which they are now armed.

Of the Fourth Dragoon Guards it is unnecessary to speak, for they spoke for themselves. They were perfection. Col. Shute may well be proud of being their commander.

The usual disasters befel the Light Horse volunteers; but we must not be too severe on them. Some of the Light Horse can ride splendidly, but it is equally true that some cannot, and it must be remembered, too, that many of their horses, perhaps, never heard a gun before last Saturday. Then, again, the agility with which they avoided hurting themselves or others was highly commendable. But we must repeat our late advice: let them at once become mounted rifles, and take to a hunting seat—the Hants corps being their model. The great lesson to be learnt from a day like last Saturday is this—the necessity for more frequent field-days for both regulars and volunteers. Reviews are not so much wanted as are exercise days, in which a movement can be gone through over and over again, and officers would then get accustomed to the rapid catching up and execution of words of command. We were glad to notice that talking in the ranks was almost *nil* this year, and that the men had greatly improved in soldier-like appearance. It is self-evident that, properly utilized, Government have a noble force at their command; a force which a little discipline and encouragement would render absolutely perfect. The First, Second, and Third Manchester showed themselves able to execute any movement as readily and as precisely as can any regular troops in the district. Well as the Eighth Regiment acquitted themselves, they in no way excelled their volunteer brothers, except that the brightness of their uniform gave them a brighter appearance. If, between now and next year, monthly field-days could be arranged with the regulars, we venture to prophecy that the Manchester volunteers would be able to stand the severest test and criticism to which even an ethellstophobist like Major-General Sir John Garvock might subject them.

THE CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

MANCHESTER, CHESTER, AND RIPON.

THE Manchester, Chester, and Ripon Church Temperance Society was established in March, 1866, and was floated as a Manchester society only, but in process of time the Chester society amalgamated with it, and soon after it extended its operations into the diocese of Ripon. According to its original prospectus its avowed objects were four, and its means five in number, which may be summed up thus:—To promote a temperance—*i.e.* teetotal—reformation amongst church-folk by means of example and precept. The founder, or to avoid controversy, almost the founder of the society, was the late Rev. W. Keeling, B.A., rector of Blackley, and he was supported and assisted by a number of clergymen, amongst whom the Revds. Bardsley, Consterdine, Hesketh, Worth, Hoare, and Pocklington were conspicuous, and also by influential laymen, such as Messrs. W. R. Callender, jun., Robt. Whitworth, and Thos. Clegg. The paid secretary was Mr. James Taylor, afterwards the founder and secretary of the National Union for the Suppression of Intemperance. Like the majority of such societies the Church Temperance Association lived and has lived above its income. Its first year's expenditure was £244 11s. 8d., and its income from all sources was some £98 less, and thus arose its first debt. Year by year the accounts got more complicated, until, in 1870, we find the debt had amounted to £298, while at the same time the annual income had increased to £441 8s. 3d., of which sum no less than £73 2s. 8d. was expended in "postage."

According to the annual and quarterly reports, the society must have been very successful, for by the second year of its existence it had over 20,000 members pledged to Teetotalism through its exertions, and upwards of 100 of them were clergymen. In its third year 40 fresh societies formed and affiliated themselves to the society, and 30 more clergymen joined its ranks, and some 60,000 papers, were issued to the magistrates, clergy, and others in the three dioceses. But it was still lamenting that "it had not received support adequate to meet the expenses necessarily incurred to carry out its great objects." In the April of its fourth year, Mr. James Taylor resigned the secretaryship on his joining the Rev. Mr. Stanyer in working the Educational Union, and Mr. W. D. B. Antrobus was appointed in his place. Under the new secretary the society kept on "showing the cheering progress of our work," but its next balance-sheet rather implies that the one for 1869 was not quite a correct one, as it includes many large items of expenditure incurred by the old secretary, but not included by him in his balance sheet. The item "postages," too, declined from £73 to £31.

When Dr. Fraser was appointed Bishop of Manchester, as a matter of course the Society were anxious to get him as President, and a deputation waited on him "with the view of enlisting his lordship's active sympathy on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society." The deputation was unsuccessful in its object, but the society were enabled to congratulate themselves, in their annual report, on the result of the interview. We learn "that his lordship, while differing from some of the principles adopted, expressed his deep concern at the prevailing intemperance in the large centres of our population and his full sympathy with the objects of the society; and the utterances of his lordship on many subsequent occasions evidence that he is no unmoved spectator of the fearful evils produced, and there is hope that he may ultimately be led to adopt the principles of the society." The report which appeared in the papers conveyed a totally different impression. On the principle that "extremes meet," it may charitably be supposed that teetotallers' vision, mental and physical, is liable to aberrations not unlike the interesting and peculiar phenomena caused by D. T.

Undoubtedly the society is doing great and good work, and the social position of many of its members is such that teetotalism implies great self-sacrifice on their parts. The conventional usages of society are not yet so far governed by the United Kingdom Alliance that a gentleman can dispense with his decanters, or be merely a spectator of the festivity in which his friends indulge, without subjecting himself to cynical sneers and ill-natured criticism. In short, notwithstanding the great spread of teetotalism, it is not yet *a la mode* or quite *comme il faut* to acknowledge oneself a disciple.

If moderate men might venture to advise the intemperate advocates of abstinence, we would suggest to the Church Association, if they wish to complete their success, a little more attention to their organization and a closer attention to their balance sheets. We cannot believe that the loss of the "late indefatigable secretary" will be an irreparable one. The combative energy and the wily sagacity of Mr. James Taylor will never want a field while one solitary rock obtrudes its needle point above the ocean of controversy, and has the merest speck of gold dust concealed within its granite. On the other hand the society will never be without a secretary while M.P.'s lend their names as committeemen, and the tree of philanthropy is watered by church dignitaries in lawn sleeves, and others more mysterious, who exercise archidiaconal faculties.

TO A SUSPICIOUS FELLOW.

[FROM MARTIAL.]

I've not lampooned you, I declare:
You doubt it, sir, and bid me swear;
You're not to be appeased without:—
I'd rather justify your doubt.

ON A SUBSCRIPTION STATUE OF A BOXER.

[FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.]

To Nullus was this statue raised by his com-pugilists,
No one of whom at any time he damaged with his fists.

THE SHAKESPERE FOLIOS.

The Shakespere folios would seem to be going down in price in the bibliographical market. A copy of the first, 1623, sold in London last week for £70, and one of the second, 1632, was purchased for £24 10s. It will be remembered that the 1632 folio sold in Manchester last month for £40, which price was £108 less than a copy fetched at the sale of Mr. George Daniel's collection in 1864.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage. Orders for copies of the *Sphinx* and back numbers should be addressed to the Publisher and not to the Editor.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

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Manchester (Lndn-rd.)	12 0	3 50*	16 0	18 0	16 6	16 0
Stalybridge	11 55	3 45*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Ashton (Park Parade)	11 59	3 49*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Oldham (Clegg-street)	11 35	3 42*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Guide Bridge	12 10	4 0*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Woodley	11 56	3 0*	15 6	16 0	17 6	15 6
New Mills	11 44	2 1*	16 0	17 0	17 0	15 6
Marple	11 27	2 12*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
Newton	11 49	2 12*	15 0	17 0	15 6	15 0
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ROYAL CORNWALL EXHIBITION, August, 1871.—Silver Medal awarded to WARWICK BROOKES, Photographer, Cathedral Steps, for Art Photographs. This is the only Award in Manchester.—INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1871.—WARWICK BROOKES, Photographer, is the only Manchester Exhibitor of Art Photographs at this Exhibition.